

S O N N E T XXX,



|O THIS continual fountain\* of my Tears,  
 From that hard rock of her sweet beauty  
 trickling; So shall my Tongue on her love's  
 music tickling; So shall my Passions, fed with  
 hopes and fears; So shall mine Heart, which  
 wearing, never wears, But soft, is hardened  
 with her beauty's prickling; On which,  
 Despair, my vulture seized, stands pickling  
 Yet never thence his maw full gorged bears ;  
 Right so, my Tears, Tongue, Passions, Heart,  
 Despair; With floods, complaints, sighs,  
 throbs, and endless  
 sorrow;  
 In seas, in volumes, winds, earthquakes, and  
 hell; Shall float, chant, breathe, break, and  
 dark mansion borrow! And, in them, I be  
 blessed for my Fair; That in these torments,  
 for her sake I dwell

S O N N E T XXXI .



BURN, yet am I cold! I am a cold, yet  
 burn !

In pleasing, discontent<sup>f</sup> in  
 discontentment, pleased !  
 Diseased, I am in health ! and  
 healthful, am  
 diseased!

In turning back, proceed! proceeding, I  
 return ! In mourning, I rejoice ! and in  
 rejoicing, mourn ! In pressing, I step back!  
 in stepping back, I pressed! In gaining, still  
 I lose ! and in my losses, gain ! Grounded, I  
 waver still! and wavering, still am. grounded !  
 Unwounded, yet not sound! and being sound,  
 am wounded ! Slain, yet am I alive ! and yet  
 alive, am slain! Hounded, my heart rests still!  
 still resting, is it hounded! In pain, I feel no  
 grief! yet void of grief, in pain ! Unmoved, I  
 vex myself! unvexed, yet am I moved!  
 Beloved, She loves me not; yet is She my  
 beloved !